Vesper Bells

Other Bells

H·G·BATTERSON

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VESPER BELLS

AND

OTHER VERSES

BY THE
REV. H. G. BATTERSON, D.D.

NEW YORK
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Dedication to the First Edition.

1877.

TO

MY MOTHER.

IF words of mine one soul may lead
From ways of sin and death, to find
The place where GOD that soul shall feed,
And to His Throne with love shall bind
The weary heart, I ask no more.
What better can I leave behind,
Than record of that blessed store
Of GOD'S great love for human-kind?

Second Edition.

1896.

TO

MY WIFE.

"FAITHFUL AND TRUE."

"WHEN the warmest feelings wither,
And the dearest hopes decay;
To thee—to thee—thou knowest,
Whate'er my lot may be,
For comfort and for happiness,
My spirit turns to thee."

"Belovéd best of all on earth by me,
Like running brook my love flows on to thee
Through months and years, to all eternity.
My love the brook; thy love the open sea,
Absorbing love in love, yet giving love to me.
Thy heart of hearts, my heart doth rest upon;
And heaven to earth, it bringeth down to me,
Till all my soul is filled with sweet and radiant joy,
And I have naught to wish."

Preface.

The first edition was entitled "Christmas Carols and other Verses," but the carols form so little portion of the present work, the old title seemed a misnomer.

All the verses and carols in the first book are contained in this.

H. G. B.

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Vesper Bells.

THE rosy clouds fade in the west,
And pass away from sight,
While o'er the mountain's rugged crest
(Sweet harbingers of night!)
The vesper bells ring out the praise
Of Him who crowns with love the days,
We in His Name delight.

The storm-clouds gather, dark and gray,
As evening shades draw near;
The pealing thunder far away
Falls trembling on the ear;
Yet still the evening bells awake
The vesper call, our prayers to make
In love and holy fear.

The drifting snow goes flying fast
O'er cottage and o'er hall;
The storm-tossed ships ride in the blast,
Nor fear what may befall;
While evening bells once more we hear,
As bidding men no storm to fear
For God is all in all.

In cloud or sunshine, joy or woe,
God's love is still the same;
His arm protects from every foe,
If, trusting in His Name,
At sound of evening bells we haste
And bend the knee that love to taste
In consecrated fane.

'Tis not alone the music sweet
Of those dear bells we hear;
But to those hearts attuned to meet
Our God, by faith so near,
They tell of glory all our own,
When we before the Great White Throne,
Freed from our bonds, appear.

Pleasant Words.

"Pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones."—PROVERBS xvi. 24.

PLEASANT WORDS are full of sweetness
To the heart oppressed with care;
Peace they bring, and bounteous gladness,
Light and love the garb they wear.
Treasured more by far than rubies,
Yet, alas! how sadly rare!

Pleasant Words come to the weary
Like a sweet and dreamless sleep;
Strength, and life, and health bestowing,
As from fountains broad and deep,
Welling up in sandy deserts
Sparkling waters onward sweep.

Pleasant Words are words of comfort,
Messengers of trust and love,
Laden well with richest blessings
From the treasure-house above;
Borne on wings of hope and mercy,
Gentle as the Holy Dove.

Pleasant Words of quiet meekness
Scatter doubts and banish fears ;
Angry tongues may gather round us,
Crushing hopes and causing tears ;
Words of kindness heal the anguish,
Darkness flies, and light appears.

Pleasant Words of large compassion
Spring from tender hearts and true ;
Strong with gladness, hope and courage,
Ever old and ever new,
Leading souls with sorrow burdened
Earth's dark journey safely through.

Pleasant Words are like the noonday,
Cheering with a glad delight ;
Falsehood's breath may scorch and hurt us,
Turning all our day to night :
Friendship's words of trustful pleading
Cover all our paths with light !

Kindly Words.

"He is kind to the unthankful and to the evil."—S. Luke: vi. 35.

Do you know there is some one waiting
For that kindly word of yours:
A heart that is sore, with its aching
Sad burden of sorrow's hours?

Do you know a voice that is crying
For love both tender and true:
Of Faith, in a heart that is dying
For a word of love from you?

Speak! One word, to that heart now breaking,
That Brother of yours and mine:
Oh trust me:—new life will be waking,
New light in those eyes will shine.

Wait not for the morrow that's coming,
To-morrow will never be;
To-day is the time for our doing,
The time for you and for me.

Speak now; for the day is fast waning,
And darkness will come apace:
If a soul you would now be gaining,
Speak the Love that's in your face.

Help, help for a life that is broken :
A word that is clear and true ;
The "kindly word," just now, if spoken,
A blessing will bring to you.

'Twill banish despair and its blindness,
From a faint and weary one ;
One word that is full of GOD'S kindness,
And a life-work you have done.

Ambition.

A BUBBLE, quickly blown in air,
And shining : Oh ! so wondrous fair !
'Tis gone ! And nothing left behind,
But disappointment, and the wind !

Fame.

'TIS but the writing of a name
On air. The zephyr comes, and there
Is nothing left of this great flame
Of torture, but the question : Where ?

An Old Portrait.

WHAT face is this, with eyes which stare
And follow one, whichever way
He turns, as if it longed to say:
"How now, my man; what do you there?"
This painted shadow on the wall.

How grim it looks in that strange dress
Of velvet, frills, and costly lace:
A stern and hardened, sordid face,
Here held in still and close duress.
This painted shadow on the wall.

One wonders now, did ever sound
Of gentle words from those lips come
And bid a welcome here, to some
Whose life with his, was ever bound?
This painted shadow on the wall?

It matters not what name he bore,
Nor what his lordly titles were:
But one may ask: What was he there?
What was his life? The very core?
This painted shadow on the wall.

Turn now away. Those lips are dust,
The eyes are gone for evermore:
The dress has rotted which he wore,
And pride has gone, where all pride must.
This painted shadow on the wall.

One can but wonder at the strife
Of men, to leave behind them here
A name—a memory—a fear,
Something to tell of their brief life,
If but a shadow on the wall.

Howe'er men scheme; howe'er men toil,
Most are forgotten in the end:
This, this is what it comes to, friend:
The passing time does but assoil
This painted shadow on the wall.

Be Still Sad Heart.

"Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

Be still sad heart; heed not the storm
Of angry voices gath'ring loud;
The day will break—both bright and warm—
Undimmed by any earthly cloud.

No more shall foes around thee press,
With malice, hate and envious tongue;
No more, sad heart, thy hope repress,
While ruthless hands thy woes prolong.

No more shalt thou the bitter cup
Of fond hopes crushed—of cruel jeers—
With trembling and with fear take up,
To drink with sorrow's scalding tears.

The Father's love a balm will find
To heal thy wounds and cheer thy way;
Thy bleeding heart His Hand will bind,
And all thy burden bear away.

Thy righteousness, as sunlight clear,
All men shall know; and they shall see
Thy justice as the noon appear;
While Christ thy light and rest shall be.

Be still, sad heart; the time draws near
When tears shall dim thine eyes no more;
When angel voices thou shalt hear,
And glory gild the distant shore.

Be patient then; thy heavy cross
Will but endure a single night;
Stand firm for truth, count all else loss,
And joy shall come with morning light!

Aching Hearts.

"The heart knoweth his own bitterness."

The world is full of aching hearts,
Each with its own unrest;
And sin has formed a poisoned dart
For every human breast.

Some cry aloud beneath the load
Of overmastering sin:
With hearts a-bleeding from the goad
Which conscience presses in.

Some weep alone in bitter grief,
Sore longing for the hour
When death itself shall bring relief
From Satan's awful power.

And oh! for hearts in anguish rent,
With slander's bitter tongue;
Bearing the woe in secret sent
By which the soul is wrung:

Crushed, bruised, and bleeding by the hand
That should defend and shield;
Struck by the brother, who should stand
In life's sad battle-field,—

To turn aside th' envenomed dart
Of envy, malice, hate ;
And nobly bear a brother's part,
And share a brother's fate.

Oh, pity show the aching heart !
Turn not away in scorn ;
Lest mercy from thy life depart,
Which should that life adorn.

'Tis better far, with love to hide
The shame, (if shame there be,)
Than with an open mouth deride,
And lose sweet Charity !

Little Things.

"Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water from thy pitcher."
—Gen. xxiv. 17.

Only a little cold water,
But every drop will tell;
The pitcher would soon be empty.
Were drops not in the well.

Only a poor little penny;
I had no more to give;
But as pennies make the dollars,
'Twill help some cause to live.

Only a few bits of ribbon,
And toys that were not new;
But they made the sick child happy,
And made me happy, too.

Only some faded old garments—
I had no more to spare;
But they helped to clothe the needy,
And they are everywhere.

Only a few words of comfort,
That nothing cost to say;
But the poor old man died happy,
They cheered him on the way.

God loveth a cheerful giver,
Though gift be poor and small;
What doth he think of his children,
Who never give at all?

The Blue-Bell.

The Blue-Bell on the Alpine heights.
But echo is, of Alpine light.
As I passed by, it seemed to say:
To Heaven? To God? This is the way!

Autumn.

A flush of fever on the face
Of nature: and it holds full sweep.
A sign of death which comes a pace?
Methinks 'tis but the sign of sleep.

Forget-Me-Not.

THE Father gave all flowers a name,
And each one had its own;
But soon a wee one backward came,
And, standing by His Throne,
With timid grace and trembling frame,
The modest blue eyes fell;
And then it said, almost with shame,
"How it can be I cannot tell,
But Father dear, my name! my name!
Alas! I have forgot!"
The Father kindly said,—"No blame,
My child,—*Forget-me-not!*"

Domine Miserere.

(A Paraphrase.)

I WILL arise and to my Father go!
Alas! And when I throw me at His Feet,
What can I say? I left my Father's House,
And gathered of the fruit my folly sowed;
The taste was bitter, and I then returned.
I once returned, and once I was forgiven.
My heart again rebelled. Again returned,
And yet again I was forgiven all!
The penitential vow upon my lips,
The kiss Paternal warm upon my cheek,
And still about my neck the Golden Chain
With which he pledged and bound me to His love:—
Again, and yet again, I spurned the gift.
O GOD! I dare not come to plead with Thee!
I dare not even lift my eyes to Heaven,
Lest in the look there be offence and sin.
I dare not offer Thee a wish or vow,
Lest in Thine awful Wisdom Thou should'st see
Sin in the wish, or falsehood in the vow.
If I should say, "I fear Thee," that is false;
For if I feared Thee, could I madly brave
The awful threatenings of Thy broken Law

For every empty bauble of the world?
If I should say, "I love Thee," that, alas!
Is falsehood too. True love is dutiful,
Patient, submissive, fearing to offend,
Obedient, grateful. I am none of these.
And if I plead the penitential tear;
The firm resolve to "go and sin no more";
Dost thou not know that ere the false tear dries,
I do again the very sin I wept;
And even while the vow is on the lip,
The heart is with the idol it renounced?
I come to Thee? There's something in the thought
So strange, so fearful; something in the way
So dark, I cannot even lift mine eyes.
My sins have taken such a hold on me,
I cannot look into my Father's Face!

—But I can come to Thee, my Saviour! GOD,
And yet my Brother! Who Thyself hast trod
The very earth we walk on—Who hast shared
Our needs and felt our sorrows; been tempted
E'en as we are; whose in-earthed Spirit here
Made proof of all things in us, save our sin;—
Aye, and that, too; for it was *that* which broke
By its dread weight the Heart that knew no sin.
Still, I can come to Thee, my Saviour, Friend,
For I have something I can say to Thee.
I tell thee not of duty, love or fear,
Of penitence, or tears, or aught of mine;
But something would I whisper of Thine own.

The tender pity, moving Thee in Heaven;
The love that Thou hast promised and hast proved
As never love was pledged or proved till then.
Not for Thy friends, for friends Thou had'st not one;
But for Thy foes, for false ones such as I.
Oh, go then for me to my Father's House,
And tell Him—one who cannot come for shame,
For very shame; who has no more to say:—
Has been with Thee to plead Thy Precious Blood
For Pardon that I dare not ask again.
Say—for Thou know'st how bitter are the husks
On which this false world feeds my heart—how I.
In secret, sorrow for my Father's House,
But still am torn and tempted from His Door.
Nay, my Redeemer! say not aught of me,
But only that Thou knowest me, and that
Thou lovest, and did'st shed Thy Blood for me;
Lost as I am, that Thou would'st have me saved;
False as I am, that Thou would'st make me true;
Foul as I am, that Thou would'st have me clean;
Weak as I am, that Thou would'st make me strong,
And find me prayers when I can pray no more.
Perchance, for Thy dear sake, He will forbear,
And give me back the love I threw away.
Perchance, for Thee, His Arms will once again
Embrace His erring, wayward, sinful child!
So shall my soul at last return in peace,
And find Redemption in THY PRECIOUS BLOOD.

The Tears of Jesus.

"And when He was come near, He beheld the city, and wept over it."—S. Luke xix. 41.

The tears of Jesus! What the secret woe
Which caused the Son of God to weep, as erst
His eyes looked on the radiant beauty of
The City of His love, all glorious with
Its glittering pinnacles of light?
Jerusalem! The vision bright of Peace;
The hill of Zion, from whence comes all good
To man! "Salvation cometh of the Jews."

Like a fair bride in festal splendor robed,
Her streets are decked with garlands for the feast;
The waving Palms—the sign of victory;
The loud acclaim, "Hosanna!" yet again
"Hosanna!" and the surging crowd pours forth
With shout triumphal, while "Hosanna!" still
Rings through the air in welcome to a King!
No sound of brazen trumpet racks the ear;
No pomp, no grandeur of an earthly pride;

But meek and lowly—eyes bedewed with tears,
The rightful Monarch comes to claim His own!
The dark deep green of Kedron's sunny vale;
The plains of Jericho, in broad expanse

Beyond the Mount of Olives lay; and far,
Far in the distance, stood the purple hills
Of Moab, whence the blessing came from one
Who would have cursed, but GOD withheld the voice,
And thrice into a blessing turned his words.

The city, basking in the glory of
That Eastern sky, uplifted proud and high
Its stately palaces and gleaming walls,
As if in welcome to the gath'ring tribes
Fast coming up to keep within its gates
The Passover of GOD.

The Temple, with
Its more than regal beauty, stood alone,
And flashed its golden glory in the light
Which bathed its courts and groves with sweet and soft
Effulgence. Oh, how bright the scene that lay
Before those tear-dimmed eyes! The busy hum
Of preparation for the feast went on,
And cloudy pillars of dark smoke rose up
To tell of burning sacrifice for sin.
The hosts of fair Judea's land had come
(As was their custom year by year) to pay
Their vows to Israel's God.

And JESUS wept!
Where lay the secret of the tears which stained
The Face of Him, Whose overflowing Heart
Yearned with a mighty love, and such deep, full,
And sweet compassion for the chosen ones
Of GOD?

Their "Day of Visitation" came,
And yet they knew it not. Their tithes of mint
And anise, and sweet herbs of lesser kind,
They paid with strictness, but neglected all
The weightier matters of the law, and left
The Sacred Temple of their GOD to be
Defiled by those who made of righteousness
A gain, until their coffers groaned with gold.
A den of thieves the House of Prayer was made;
And sin ran riot, while the Priests of GOD
Hushed the Prophetic Voice, and hand joined hand
In all forbidden things. The loud-voiced prayers
Of Scribe and Pharisee rose up to heaven,
While yet they mocked in pride th' Anointed One
Who came in such humility, to draw
Them back to love and duty, ere the curse
All self-imposed, came forth to scatter them
Throughout the distant nations of the earth,
And leave in ghastly ruin, the one spot
To them and to their children all, most dear.

And JESUS wept! 'Tis said He never smiled,
In all the years He wandered here, to bind
The hearts so broken, cleanse the souls so foul,
And heal the sick, sad-hearted, weary ones
Who gladly sought His healing touch of love.
Rebellious children of the Most High GOD
Flaunted their foul corruption in the face
Of heaven, and made GOD's dwelling place a den
Of robbers!

It was this that made Him weep
Those tears of love and pity, as He went
To plead yet once again, with those He came
To save, ere times should come (now drawing near,)
Which brought its scourge of desolation.

Once
Again He cried, "Jerusalem! O thou
"Who stoned and killed the Prophets in thy rage,
"I would have gathered thee as doth the hen
"Her tender brood, and made thee all My Own.
"Ye would not hear My Voice, and now behold
"The curse of desolation on thee rests!
"All, all this goodly pile shall be thrown down,
"Nor stone shall be upon another left!
"The flower of thine offspring shall go forth
"With by-word, and with hissing, and with curse!"

He wept because He saw that ruin lay
In wait, until the time should come wherein
All prophecy should be fulfilled, and tears
Would take the place of laughing pride and joy
With which the city rang in careless glee.
And not for these alone. He saw beyond,
Far down the track of time, how gathering sin
Of generations then unborn, would swell
The mighty torrent of the world's full crime.
And wash the earth with blood!

He wept!
He wept for sins which then were all unknown;
The woeful sins whose rushing flood poured in

Upon His Heart, until it burst for grief
On that dread Cross, whereon His outstretched Arms
Would fain have blessed the world, as from a throne!
He wept for us! And shall our eyes be dry
While yet the faithful voice within us, calls
To our remembrance all the slighted love
Of that great Heart, Who poured in streams of blood
A ransom for our souls?

O Earth! Earth! Earth!
Why go ye whirling on in mad carouse!
The Mighty Hand, the bleeding Form upon
The dripping Cross—High Watch-Tower of the World!—
But waits that from this murky vale of death
One sign of penitential grief may come
To ask the life which He alone can give.
O Earth! turn from thy revel dark and wild,
While yet the day of grace is found!
Thy tears
Shall win from Him who shed His tears for thee,
A Benediction of ETERNAL PEACE!

"'Tis Said He Never Smiled."

"The Tears of Jesus," by Rev. Dr. Batterson.

Sweet Mary—mother, pure and bless'd ! did not
" Thy Holy Son catch one bright human smile
From thy dear lips? Did not thy tender eyes
And brow " as fair as wheat " call forth the smiles
Of filial love to linger on the Man of Sorrow's lips?
The Son of Man was like to us, save sin.
Joy, love, and kindness smile; the blessed seal
Of peace, bears the charmed impress of a smile:
Jehovah smiles in sunshine, wave and flower,
And in the eye-like depths of azure sky.
Surely " God with us " such tokens gave,
When people " wondered at His gracious words,"
When His sweet tones of power raised up the sick,
When " Maid, arise ! " He said, and health's warm glow
Chased Death's gray shadow from her pale cold cheek.
When the weeping widow-mother, received
Her only son alive, from off the bier,
A calm, grave, holy smile assur'dly set
In Godhead glory on His lip and brow.
Within the quiet home at Bethany
A friend's kind smile of gentle sympathy
His holy visage must have touched with grace.
" Suffer the little ones to come," He said.

Could Hands of blessing press those fair young heads
Without a smile upon His loving face?
Ev'n human love in the foul grasp of shame
And pain and death, will smile on one's beloved.
The cruel cross, the Father's hidden face
Sin-burden on a world, which caused His cry,
The mighty throes of all our human death,
Could not quench the smile of the words of love—
"Behold Thy mother!"—"Woman, behold thy son."

M. G.

These beautiful lines appeared shortly after the publication of "The Tears of Jesus," and as one would not have them lost, they are printed here. The author is unknown.

The Disciple is not Above His Master.

"Called to be Saints!"
This call to all men comes!
And will the soul refuse what it must bear,
To win that name which God alone can give?
It came to me when heart and mind were sore
And whelmed with pain and grief.
I closed my ears
And would not hear the gentle call, nor give
Response, because my work in life was wrecked.
Rude hands had torn away the structure I
Had made; and stripped me of all peace, all joy,
And in the ashes of my buried hopes
I sat to wear away my life in tears,
With bitter thoughts of bitter things that come
From man to man, and sweep away all faith
In saints or sinners, or in any thing.
And while I wept, the voice of that sweet prayer—
"From lack of charity, from envy, hate
And malice, O good Lord deliver us,"
Fell on my heart with tender, kind rebuke.
Oh how my heart did ache, to think of all
The misery that this fair world can hold.
The cursèd voice of hateful slander came:

And writhing with the pain, my heart grew faint.
The keen and piercing shaft of envy cut
Asunder life-long dreams, and hopes so fair;
While hatred, steeped in malice foul, kept watch
About the way, with hot desire that one
Misstep might come, and so fair fame be made
As black as hellish power can make a name.
Around the pathway, seeming friends (but false
At heart, and filled with treacherous blood), would fawn
And cringe and flatter; waiting only for
The hour some willing ear would open wide
Its secret chambers, to receive a lie!
The weary round, from morning's golden flush
Of light, day after day pursued in search
Of troubled and sad-hearted ones; whose lives
A ray of brightness and of joy might gain,
Before the night of gloom should bring the end,
Found no reward, because unbridled tongues
And angry voices loud, turned all the joy
Of serving hopeless hearts, to bitterness;
While jealous, wrangling strife sought out each day
How best to sting the heart and wound the soul.
From this my heart rebelled. I cried aloud
Against the cruel, cruel wrong, which came
From those best loved. From those to whom my heart
Gave strong assurance of a faith in them
Which time should ne'er disturb.
From those with whom
I walked unto the House of God as friends,

And sat at meat with confidence that all
My love was but an echo of their own.
Yet, all along these hearts and tongues were fain
To compass sore destruction.
One there was
Among this crowd of recreant fellow-men;
The one among them all, to whom I gave
My love and trust with open heart. Yet he
Was chief among the throng of heartless ones
Who broke their plighted word, and sapped anon
The faith of those who owed me most.
I cried
In very anguish, at the wrong and hate
Which so beset my way; but all in vain;
Nor tears, nor cries availed to touch one soul
Among them all.
Shrinking in agony
I fled to find some place where I might hide
Away from sight and sound of such most foul
And shameful words.
"*Called to be Saints!*" Again
I heard that voice. It spoke to me and said:
"Be still, oh weary child, and in thy woe
"See but the Hand of an all-pitying GOD,
"Who sends this Cross, to test thy faith and love.
"Take up thy Cross, though heavy it may be,
"And wear it bravely for the sake of Him
"Who bore His Cross amid the scoffs and jeers
"Of those for whom He came in love to die.
"Above the Master, none can ever be.

"He had a Judas always at His side;
"Who with Him sat at meat from day to day.
"Think not to make escape; one cannot win
"The commendation *there*, of His 'Well done.'
"By throwing off the burden He has given;
"And if, with Him to suffer, bring a crown
"Of fadeless splendor when the work is done;
"Be strong, and take no heed of all the pain
"Which comes from hateful wrath of man.
"Look through the storm; on through the blinding tears,
"And see the nail-pierced hands outstretched for thee,
"To heal the hurt, and give thee rest and peace.
"God will avenge the wrong: 'Vengeance is Mine'
"He truly saith; so, take Him at His word,
"And go thy way, rejoicing that He calls
"Thee to His Arms, e'en though the journey thence
"Be through the vale of bitterness and tears."

"*Called to be Saints!*"
Let this thy watchword be
"As true Disciple of the dying Lord,
"And He, the King of every saintly soul,
"Will take thy burden, when the goal is won,
"And give a Crown of everlasting joy."

Another voice there was, which gently said:
"The Saints are those who can forgive, nor once,
"Nor twice, nor thrice; but seven and seventy times,
"And with forgiveness pray, that GOD would grant

"Repentance and a better mind to those
"Who do the wrong."
My soul responsive cried
At last. My sins, my sins, O God forgive,
And grant me grace to say: Each wrong I will
Forgive, although unasked; for I would be
Forgiven, as I do forgive.
Sweet peace
Suffused my soul, for I the voice had heard:
"The servant is not higher than his Lord;
"And those who would the highest place attain,
"Must first begin to take the lowest room."

"*Called to be Saints!*"
O trembling souls, be sure
The saintly crown can only come from out
The cloud and shade of true humility,
And that oftimes, is born of pain and grief.

St. Luke's Church, Germantown, Pennsylvania.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE SERMON PREACHED BY THE RT. REV. WM. BACON STEVENS, D.D., LL.D., ON THE DAY OF CONSECRATION.

June 8th, 1876.

"This is none other but the House of God, and this is the Gate of Heaven."—GENESIS xxviii. 17.

THE very House of GOD! It was one stone
Rough and unhewn; but House of GOD it was,
And there GOD blessed the builder. And as tenth
Of all his increase came from year to year,
He laid it down in mem'ry of the vow
There made. So GOD did bless him more and more,
And made for him a name which standeth yet
Memorial of the deed at Bethel done,
Wherein he consecrated self to GOD,
And tithe perpetual vowed, of all that He
Should give in years to come, to him and his.
A thousand miles the river Nile flows on,
Unfed by any stream from other source
Than its own head. Then, spreading out its arms
In loving bounty, covers all the land
With fatness, while it feeds with gen'rous hand

The swarthy dweller on its swelling banks,
As moving onward to the briny sea.

A thousand years, and Jacob's faithful sons
Together banded, waiting for the time
In which should come the promised Shiloh. Then,
When He, in majesty and agony
Was lifted up to draw the nations out
From sin, and death, and darkness to Himself,
The types and shadows of His glory passed;
And, pouring forth in bright effulgent streams,
Rich blessings flowed from out the holy hill
And covered all the earth.

'Twas but one stone,
And yet, in very truth, it was BETH-EL.
So this bright Fane, in its proportions fair;
Its carved and goodly stones; its Nave and Aisle;
Its gleaming Altar in the eastern wall,
Is Bethel too.

The painted windows tell
The wondrous story of His earthly life,
Who came to scatter blessings far and wide
So long pent up in Israel's land alone.
Here to the generations yet unborn
Will stand this bless'd memorial of the faith
Of those who, in a faithless age, dared build
In thankful homage, and in love to GOD,
A house where He His Name in glory writes;
And where—as once in Jacob's time—He stoops
To bless the uplifted, consecrated stone.

"Not yours, but GOD's." 'Tis consecrated now,
And from this day let none profane its walls,
Or claim by right a privilege beyond
That one which all men have:—of kneeling here
In penitence and prayer, and so to gain
The benediction of GOD's bounteous love!

O GOD! the GOD of Bethel! come and bless
Each faithful soul, who from his penury,
Or from his wealth, has made a gift of love
Wherewith to build this goodly house to Thee,
And so record his faith, and by these stones
To tell in future days his trust in GOD.
From desecration keep these holy walls,
And bid Thy guardian angels stand within,—
As erst of old, above the Mercy Seat,
With "wing-veiled face," they stood at Thy command.
Bless each and every soul who here is brought
With faith and love, and offered up to Thee.
Bless old and young:—the gray-haired and the child;
Bring all within the circle of Thy love,
And bow each heart obedient to Thy will.
Grant, when their earthly labors all are passed,
These "gathered in" before the Great White Throne,
"Well done," may hear, and entering then
The "House not made with hands,"—a Bethel still,—
May see Thee—GOD of Glory—face to face!

How Does the Rain Come?

A FATHER sat down with his child, one day,
As the rain in torrents was pouring;
The child, for the moment, forgot his play,
The father, his sorrow and mourning.

The father thought of the land far away—
Bright home of his love and his treasure:—
The child only thought of the sparkling spray,
Bright drops without number, or measure.

The child with queries soon began,
And this the way the questions ran:—

CHILD.

How does the rain come? tell me now;
How does the rain come? father—how?

FATHER.

How many a time,
In ages gone,
In prose and rhyme,
In speech and song,
D'ye think, my child,
That question queer
Has hours beguiled
Of sage and seer?

CHILD.

I cannot tell,—but—do—you—know
How it can come, and where does go?

FATHER.

There! not so fast
My little one;
Two questions asked
Ere I've begun
To frame my speech
How best to say
What I would teach
My child, alway.

CHILD.

Well, tell me then, how comes the rain?—
And tell me, please, where't goes again.

FATHER.

He sends it down
Upon the earth,
That He may crown
Each year's new birth
With grape and corn,
His child to feed,
Lest he, forlorn,
Should die for need.

CHILD.

But who is He, my father dear?
Is He the one you called "the Seer"?

FATHER.

Ah! no, my child,
The seer is wise,
But not so wild
That from the skies
He'd hope to bring
The gentle rain
That makes earth sing
And laugh again.

CHILD.

Then who is He, from whom the rain
Comes pouring o'er the distant plain?

FATHER.

The God of love,
Our Father, too,
Whose home above,
In sky so blue,
We hope to gain
For final rest:—
He sends the rain
The earth to bless.

CHILD.

Now tell me, father dear, I pray,
Where goes the rain? you did not say!

FATHER.

Into the earth
The rain will pass,

And there give birth
To sweetest grass
That ever grew;
With roses bright,
That give to you
Such great delight.

CHILD.

How do you know? You cannot see
That GOD so high:—how can it be?

FATHER.

My child! you see,
With your bright eye,
The grass and tree:
So do not try
To "find out GOD":—
The eye HE made,
HE made the sod,
And tender blade

Of corn, so fresh and green; the bright,
Sweet daisies, in the meadow wild,
HE made:—and stars that shine by night,
Upon the head of my dear child.

CHILD.

But some have said,
(So I have read,)
"There is no GOD,"
"Why fear his rod?"

FATHER.

Can you tell me who made the eye?
Can you tell me who made the ear?
If so, to find out GOD now try:—
If not, then wait in love and fear.

Trust GOD, my son!
Mind not the "fools"
Who now have won
In learned schools,
The wondrous power
Of "guessing," what
In the next hour
May be forgot.

When they can tell
What "matter" is,
It may be well
For them to quiz
About the things
Beyond man's brain,
And tell who brings
The summer rain!

They cannot tell how grapes do grow,
Nor how the grass on this fair sod:
If what they see, they do not know,
What wonder, that they "know not GOD!"

The Answered Prayer.

I stood where the broad-waved Atlantic was rolling
In lazy blue billows afar;
And on the gray beach a fair maiden was strolling,
Her eyes shining bright as a star.
Her fair auburn tresses like gold in the sunlight
She flung to the soft summer breeze,
And watched by the waters until the pale starlight
Fell down through the storm-beaten trees.

With a sigh she turned her sweet face in the gloaming,
And looked up a prayer to the sky;
No word passed her lips, but she prayed for one roaming
O'er waters so far, yet so nigh.

Up rose the strong breakers in beauty now dancing,
Each bright-crested wave flying fast!
While out in the distance, like wild horses prancing,
The billows by furies seemed lashed.

Unnoticed till now, a black storm-cloud was drifting
Across the clear face of the sky;
And the maiden in fear, her eyes now uplifting,
With a short and tremulous cry,
Clasped her hands to her breast, and suddenly stooping,

In a loud and piteous wail
Shot quick o'er the surf-crests, so madly now trooping,
A searching wild look of appeal.

Then down on her knees, where the wild waters dashing,
As if in assertion of might,
Swept o'er the white sands, with tumult and clashing,
A beautiful, terrible sight.
She prayed: "Oh, my Father, my Father, now hearing,
Turn not Thou away from my plea;
Oh, save from the storm of wild waters uprearing,
And bring Thou my loved one to me."

Dark hung the black cloud o'er the face of old ocean;
Wild shrieked the fierce winds of the night;
Madly surged the dark waves in wildest commotion—
The lightning's hot flashes of light,
Far out in the darkness a white sail revealing,
Filled with terror the kneeling form.

She moved not, she wept not, but still her appealing
Went up to the God of the storm:
"Oh, Father, my Father, list now to my crying,
Oh, Father, my Father, I pray;
Oh, Father, my Father," the maiden is crying.
"My Father," was all she could say,
In the tempest that now at its height was raging
And beating so madly the shore;

While back from the headland all blindly engaging
Tempest answered to tempest its roar.
Far out in the darkness the lone sail was straining,
The lightning's red glare for a guide,
And on the torn beach, the maiden remaining
Alone in her fear and her pride.
Faith and love in her heart so strongly abiding,
She hears not the pitiless blast;
She thinks of nought else save the boat that is riding
O'er billows and breakers so fast.

Now upward, now downward, the loved bark is leaping,
While onward, still onward it rides,
Still trembling, the maiden her love-watch is keeping,
And faith in her God still abides.
"My Father, my Father, my treasure is bringing
In safety across the wild sea;
Through danger and darkness the tempest is bringing
My darling with spirit so free."

Oh, maiden! fair maiden! list now to the roaring
Of winds, o'er the sea and o'er land;
Oh, where is the voice that so lately upsoaring
Brought strength from the Merciful Hand?

Thy prayer will be answered; the storm is now bringing
Thy lover across the wild sea;
But never again will his strong arms be clinging
As of old, in love unto thee.

One terrible wave of the sea in its foaming
Came lashing the shore in its wrath;
One terrible crash of the thunder's loud groaning
Came quick in the red lightning's path;
And the maiden lay dead, with the wild waves singing
The answer so quick to her prayer,
And the lover lay dead—new life was beginning
For lover and maiden so fair.

Eternity.

Is it far off? In ages yet to be?
Come time, and time, before we see
This stranger thing, to which we bow?
Oh, man! Eternity is NOW?

A Threnody.

Down, Down, Down,
Down in thy depths, O Sea!
A strong, brave soul has gone to his rest:
The pitiless waters claim the best,
Nor heed my sorrowful plea.

Weep, Weep, Weep,
Weep for my dead, O Sea!
The mist of thy tears, a winding-sheet,
Hiding the place where the waters meet,
To cover my dead, O Sea!

Moan, Moan, Moan,
Moan for my dead, O Sea!
Thy sparkling waters in beauty sleep,
While I sit me down and vigil keep,
For the love thou hast torn from me.

Wail, Wail, Wail,
Wail for my dead, O Sea!
Thy rolling waters, in sullen surge,
Seem singing a sad and sorrowful dirge,
For the lov'd one buried in thee.

"One Hundred Years Ago."

"In Congress, June 14, 1777.—Ordered: That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white, in a blue field."

One hundred years ago to-day,
The standard of our nation's birth
Was spread, to bless with freedom's ray
The fairest part of all the earth.
With lusty shout
They threw it out,
One hundred years ago.

Fling out the dear old flag to-day!
O'er land and sea throw up the stars,
Whose glory-flash lit up the way
Through which our brave young sons of Mars
Defiance flung
And vict'ry wrung,
One hundred years ago!

The stripes in all their beauty fling!
On ev'ry hill-top let them wave!
In ringing chorus, we will sing
The triumphs of those heroes brave,
Who won their scars,
Beneath those stars,
One hundred years ago!

The Stars and Stripes in glory float!
Their silent grandeur tells the tale
Of purpose true, in those who wrote,
"Our cause is just and cannot fail,"
And like a flood,
Poured out their blood,
One hundred years ago!

From North and South, from East and West,
Brave, loyal hearts their beauty greet!
Beneath yon folds, shall freedom rest,
And brothers there in union meet,
The cause to save,
Of men so brave,
One hundred years ago!

PHILADELPHIA, June 14, 1887.

Pennsylvania.

THE PRAYER OF HER LOYAL SONS.

Sung at the opening exercises, PENNSYLVANIA DAY, at the CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION, September 28, 1876, by 8000 voices.

GREAT GOD! our Father, hear;
Lend now Thy gracious ear;
To Thee we pray:—
Give of Thy bounteous grace;
Bless of mankind each race;
Let all Thy goodness trace,
In life's dark way.

Great GOD! our Father, hear;
Teach us Thy Name to fear,
In holy dread:
Make wars and strife to cease;
Oh give perpetual peace;
So earth shall yield increase
Of "daily bread."

Great GOD! our Father, hear;
Guide all, both far and near,
In our dear land:

In union, strength to find;
One, both in heart and mind;
O GOD! Thy people bind
In love's strong band.

Great GOD! our Father, hear:
While for our country dear
We wait and pray:
Guard from invading foe;
Keep from intestine woe;
Some good, for "token" show;
Thy love display.

Great GOD! our Father, hear;
As suppliants we appear
Before Thy Throne:
Let not the foot of pride
Come near us to abide;
Be Thou our earthly guide,
And lead us home.

Great GOD! our Father, hear;
Make Thou our pathway clear
With heavenly light:
Bless Thou our beauteous land,
While we as brothers stand,
In union firm and grand,
To guard the right!

Long, Long Ago.

HARK! 'tis the ring of the merry sleigh bells!
Over the hills and down through the dells,
With the speed of the hind or the bounding deer,
Onward they go, with a ringing cheer—
Where the light falls whitest.
Where the stars shine brightest,
Where the snow lies cleanest,
Where the frost bites keenest.
Over the hills and down through the dells,
List to the ring of the tinkling bells!

See where the flash of the glittering steel
Follows the track of the coursing heel,
On rivers of glass, in the dancing light,
Where eyes of lovers are sparkling bright;
Where the ice grows strongest,
Where the moon stays longest,
Where the hearts beat lightest,
Where the eyes shine brightest;
There is the track of the coursing heel
Lit by the flash of the burnished steel!

I hear them again, as the years go past,
Blithesome and gay in the winter's blast;
The clattering footsteps come and go,
With a swift light tread on the glist'ning snow;

Where the heart is boldest,
Where the love is oldest,
Where the faith is newest,
Where the trust is truest;
They come again, in the wintry blast,
And sing of days—the days that are past.

And the white cottage down under the hill,
The light in the window guiding still;
As I turn me back from the giddy whirl,
To stop and look for a shining curl;
Where the throng is thickest,
Where the heart beats quickest,
Where the love holds strongest,
Where the days seem longest—
Ah! never again, as guide to me,
Will flashing light in that window be!

Query.

Will you love me, when I am old
And shadows dim the sky;
When hairs are gray, that now are gold,
And beauty's charms shall die?

Will love hold strong, when health shall fail,
And laughter turns to tears;
When blushing face grows wan and pale
With life's declining years?

Will love's quick vow, hold good in days
When want, stands at the door?
Will tender words, and gentle lays
Flow on, forevermore?

Will love's warm day, so fair and bright,
Be clear, till eventide?
Will faith and hope light up the night
Where storms of sorrow ride?

All seems most fair and bright to-day,
Above—a cloudless sky:
But storms will come, and clouds will stay,
The day itself—will die!

Then love me, dear, when I am old,
"Till death us both doth part,"
And love for you, shall ne'er grow old,
Nor fail my trusting heart.

The Moon.

FAIR Sister of the Sun! Thy light
So brightly falls, it seems not night,
But night it is, wherein, wherein,
Are sorrow, misery—and sin.

That Dainty Finger.

ITS tip, across the eye, shuts out the world.
Now, pointing on with quiv'ring rage, to warn
Approach of yon poor fallen one, it shows
The length, the breadth, the height, the depth of scorn.

The Beautiful Sea.

I LOVE the sea, the stormy sea,
Where billows break and winds blow free;
I love, I love the boiling foam,
When safe from all its pranks—*at home!*

I love the tide, the rolling tide,
Where "big white horses" madly ride;
I love the mountain waves so grand,
When I am safely on the land!

I love, oh, how I love the view
Which distance lends enchantment to!
I love the sea—as said before,
But best—*when standing on the shore!*

Daisy's Cat.

Our little Daisy had a cat—
A playful, frisky thing,
That used to lie upon a mat,
And hear our Daisy sing.

He was a very funny cat,
With bright and sparkling eyes,
That never saw a thieving rat:—
Oh! he was wondrous wise!

He'd lie all day in the warm sun,
And lick his velvet paws:
But after mice he'd never run,
Nor show them his sharp claws.

He loved to ride with Daisy's doll,
Wrapped up in blankets thick:—
It was such fun for one and all,
We called him "quite a brick."

One day our cat was very sick,
And ran away to hide:
His little paws he could not lick,
And so he—"up and died."

Dear Daisy was so very sad,
She cried her eyes quite red:
She felt so "very, very bad"
"Because her cat was dead."

We buried him with honours great,
And left him in repose,
With one great stone above his pate,
And on his breast, a rose.

But Daisy child was sick with grief,
No comfort could she get;
'Till flowers were stripped of every leaf,
To cover her sweet pet.

MORAL.

Now children all, mind what I say,
And look well to your cats;
For if they nothing do but play,
They'll die, and leave to you—
THE RATS!

Forty-Nine.

THE time it comes, the time it goes,
The time flies fast away,
And like a river, on it flows:—
I'm Forty-nine to-day.

The time it never stops for me,
Nor any one, they say;
That it has gone, 'tis plain to see:—
I'm Forty-nine to-day.

I was a merry, blithesome lad,
So full of fun and play,
My elders sometimes thought me mad:—
I'm Forty-nine to-day.

My youth to manhood grew so soon
I'd scarcely left my play;
E'er I had passed to life's "high-noon":—
I'm Forty-nine to-day.

Old Time has left upon my head
His mark—so thin and gray;
I wonder me where he has fled—
I'm Forty-nine to-day.

The task that duty laid on me
Has not been done alway;
"It might have been"—I plainly see:—
I'm Forty-nine to-day.

I've many friends, both good and true,
To greet me on my way,
I'll treasure them, nor seek for new:—
I'm Forty-nine to-day.

The world will give me friends by scores,
If court to it I pay;
If not, it wrath and hatred pours:—
I'm Forty-nine to-day.

I thank the world for what it taught
If I would it obey,
Though 'twas a lesson dearly bought:—
I'm Forty-nine to-day.

"Put not your trust in child of man,"
Is counsel good, I say,
"Trust none but GOD"—is wisdom's plan:—
I'm Forty-nine to-day.

Now, counting up the mercies past,
Far on in life's highway,
I thank my GOD for love so vast:—
I'm Forty-nine to-day.

My own true wife! To you I bring
This simple, foolish lay:
Your many virtues I will sing:—
I'm Forty-nine to day.

To Mr. Richard E. Burton.*

How few can understand!
The poet's heart
Responds with tender sympathy, and feels
A throb of kinship in those words, so full
Of meaning that it cannot be expressed.
The chattering crowd rush here and there, in the
Sweet days of June, but see in them no sign
Of that great tenderness which fills true hearts
To bursting, with the clear full gladness of
Those glorious hours. The jewel resting in
The bluebell's heart is nothing more to these
Than other water-drop on leaf or grass
Or flower. These cannot see how teeming Earth
Is full of light and love and joy.

The Sun,
Whose first bright rays tips all the hills with gold,
And turns to burnished silver all the lakes,
The rivers and the rippling rills, is naught but
"Oft returning day," in which to toil and
Moil for riches which they heap on heap,
And know not who shall gather them.

* Author of an exquisite poem with the title, "Dumb in June."

The eye
Of a true poet sees into the depths
Of all this fresh, new life; and he is "dumb"
Because all language fails him to tell out
The glad'ning thoughts which fill his o'ercharged heart.
And so we're "dumb in June," because we feel
The presence of a Father's eye, whose love
Brings back to man in Resurrection power
New bud, and leaf, and flower; an earnest of
"Full corn in ear," by which He satisfies
His hungry child, and fills his heart with joy.
O Poet-heart! 'Tis well that thou art "dumb!"
One cannot speak who knows that God is near—
And God is telling all mankind in June
Of His great love and gracious tenderness.

To My Mother:

ON HER SEVENTY-SIXTH BIRTHDAY.

Ah, Mother mine, how turns my heart to thee,
As years speed onward to life's mournful end;
How full with tears mine eyes, that now can see
Naught else but failure, both of fame and friend.

The morning when I turned my back on thee
To face the world, that seemed to me so bright;
My purpose true; my heart so full of glee;
I reck'd not, went before so dark a night.

How turned mine eyes for one last look of home,
As o'er the hill I sped me, fast away;
How little thought, with heart so like a stone,
That thou wast turning back, for me to pray.

How bright the glory of that shining morn!
What dreams of future conquest I had made!
Ah, well for me I knew not of the storm
That soon would crush the vision there displayed.

In happy days, how thickly trooped the friends
To greet me with their smiles and words of cheer!
How each did watchful, and with care attend
To share my joys, and quench all thought of fear!

But trouble with its chilling blast came on,
To sweep before it fortune, home, and fame;
And like the morning dew, my friends were gone,
Forgetting (yes! it may be!) e'en my name.

How true it is,—"this life is but a dream!"
At best, I found it but "an empty show;"
While struggling vainly onward 'gainst the stream,
I strove to hide with smiles my heartfelt woe.

Oh, friendship! false and fickle,—yet how fair!
But love there is no sorrow can assail:—
Though life may be a long and fretting care,
A Mother's love will never, never fail.

Ah, Mother dear, what love more true than thine?
It knows no waning, falt'ring, nor decay;
In darkest hours it ever has been mine,
Beams on me now, a bright and endless day!

God bless thee, Mother mine, for thy strong love;
God bring thee safely to His rest at last;
God give to thee the looked-for home above,
When earthly duties, sorrows, all are passed!

To a Lady on her 67th Birthday.

My dear, kind friend! you pass to-day,
Another mile-stone, grim and gray,
That points you o'er the world's highway
To God.

Another year of joys and cares,
In which "our Father's" love prepares
Your soul for Him,—and still He spares
His rod.

The busy world is rushing on,
Nor thinks nor cares for days once gone,
If only wealth it heaps, upon
A clod.

It heeds not age, it heeds not youth,
Nor knows of love, nor cares for truth;
It only makes of gold—forsooth!
A God.

A work-day world! its anxious face
Knows naught of mercy, nor of grace;
But onward, in a feverish race
To plod.

You know it well! its smiles, its tears,
Have followed you these weary years.
And its reward? What now appears?
A sod.

Look onward to that shining band,
Beyond earth's false and shifting sand,
Where rest is found, in Holy Land,
With GOD.

To a Lady

ON HER SEVENTY-NINTH BIRTHDAY.

THOUGH threescore years and ten are gain,
No cup of sorrow fails;
The loved ones go and we remain,
Nor love nor tear avails.

No pleading stops the flight of years,
Nor can we buy delay;
Death heeds not sorrow, laughs at fears,
And mocks us while we pray.

We cannot stop the ebb and flow
Of ocean's rolling tide;
Nor will the years that onward go
One hour, for us, abide.

The silver threads, now gathering fast,
Tell of these passing years;
While we look vainly to the past
Through hot and blinding tears.

Look forward, upward, to the light
Where God in mercy gives
An endless day for earth's dark night,
A love that ever lives.

The past, with all its fond regrets,
Leave in the Father's Hand;
The promise His!—He ne'er forgets—
A brighter, better land!

To T. H. F.

ON HIS TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

EXULTANT now with hope fresh born of truth,
Keep in thy heart the brightness of thy youth,
As manhood's day with busy turmoil teems;
While in the distance, earth's fair prize now gleams,
And with ambition, lures thee on to fame.
"A man of honor:"—written with thy name,
Is best of all the treasures earth can give:
The one, which makes it worth the while to live!

Our Old Boating Song.

(REFRAIN.)

"TRANCADILLO," "TRANCADILLO."

COME, sing me the song which in young days was ours,
That song so bright and so gay;
Oh sing it once more, in our manhood's ripe hours,
Come, sing it with me to-day!
You know how we sang it, and loved it the more,
What time we were growing old:
Come! Let it ring out, and its melody soar,
Or our hearts in love grow cold.
Ah, the song which was ours in that younger day,
Oh, voice it now and again!
The time is now passing: fast passing away;
Come! Sing it once more; and then
We'll give it, old comrades, the true, steady swing
Of those gone, but happy hours.
"With moonlight and starlight" we'll once again sing
With the ringing tone and power
Of the days that are gone:—the days that are dead:—
Oh, what and where are they now?
They have left us at last, with the "silvered-crowned head,"
So sing! Oh, sing with me now
The song we so loved, in the days of yore,
The song so simple and true:—
Come! Sing it just now: Oh sing once more
That song so simple and true.

To I. M. R.

ON HIS TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

You, twenty-one to-day?
Why, as a boy
With top and toy
I saw you last, at play.

But now, you are a man!
And you will see
That men are "free"
To labor,—when they can.

Your boyhood's days are past.
And soon will care
Show whitened hair
To tell that time flies fast.

Oh, do your duty well!
Stand up for right
With all your might,
Your honor, never sell.

Gain for yourself the name
Of "good and true,"
And then shall you
The greatest good attain.

Remember well the cross
Upon your brow :
Keep true that vow
Else all you love, is lost.

Stand up then, as a man,
And fight for truth !
Farewell to youth
For life above, now plan.

Your body, keep all pure
From every stain,
If you would gain
Eternal life—secure.

Keep pure that holy trust
God gives to you ;
Lose not from view
The words : " Dust unto dust ! "

So, God will bless your life
And give you rest
Among the blest
Far from the curse of strife.

God bless you day by day,
And give increase
Of holy peace,
For this I ever pray.

In Memoriam.*

John Hubbard Wells, Jr. Drowned in the Connecticut River at Hartford, June 21st, 1849.

SHRINE of a spirit far too pure for earth,
Still beautiful; though with that parting breath
Is hushed, forever hushed, thy gentle mirth,
And we behold thee smiling, though in death.

They brought pale flowers to wither on thy breast,
As pure and frail as thou, thus early riven
And while they moulder in thy place of rest,
We know that thy pure soul shall bloom in heaven.

Yes, thou hast faded from thy mother's arms.
Who fostered, nourished, cherished thee in love:
Ah! she hath watched with joy thy youthful charms,
They blossomed here, but shall grow ripe above.

And thou hast twined around thy father's heart,
Till every fibre seemed to cling to thine:
Alas for him, that ye were doomed to part,
But joy for thee in higher spheres to shine.

* This is inserted here merely to preserve the author's first attempt at versification.

We may not catch the notes of that sweet lyre,
Nor hear on earth those pure angelic lays :
But we may fancy, with a strong desire,
That happy home, that song of endless praise.

Ah, thy dear cherished name is graven here,
Upon thy narrow house—unconscious clay ;
We gaze upon it with a flood of tears,
And dread the painful duties of this day.*

But hope points upward ; where we yet may claim
Those we have loved ; beyond these scenes of strife
There we may read with faith's bright eye, thy name,
Recorded in The Book of Life.

Farewell ! we yield thee to the silent tomb,
And dry our tears : for with thee it is well ;
We know the God of Love hath called thee home.
Till we are summoned :—Brother, fare thee well.

* The day of burial.

Sympathy.

To a father and mother, on the death of an only son.

Tell me ye mourners, through your tears,
If your one deathless gem in heaven
Ye would bid back to earth's chill fears,
Where nought but strife and care is given?

'Tis true around each loving heart
That trusting soul had fondly wound;
Alas, for you so soon to part,
But joy for him who rest has found.

Sad mother in the morning's glow
Will miss her boy's strong fond embrace;
The father's years will slowly go,
Till he again shall see that face.

Look through your tears and see the Hand
That guides your dearest one to bliss:
His home is now in "Fatherland,"
'Twere cruel, bidding back to this.

This thought be yours, my loving friends:
How best your stricken hearts prepare
To make for sin all true amends,
That you may greet your loved one *there!*

HYMNS AND CAROLS.

Advent.

"He cometh to judge the earth."

THE last dread trump is sounding!
Heaven's pearly gates unfold:
The Judge, with might abounding,
Ye nations, now behold!
Heaven is shaking,
Earth is quaking,
Death's grim record see unrolled.

With angel-hosts surrounded;
On glory-clouds His Throne!
Hell's legions now confounded,
Must yield the King His own.
Sinners moaning,
Crimes now owning,
Which before were all unknown!

In piteous tones now pleading,
In terror and in fear;
All other cries unheeding
Save this one, "Saviour, hear!"

Man is sighing,
Bitter crying!—
See at last the Judge appear.

Let faithful souls, victorious,
With joy and gladness sing;
While heavenly hosts all glorious,
On light and joyous wing,
With the story
Of His glory
Make the starry arches ring!

With shouts of rapt devotion
And songs of holy joy,
From ocean back to ocean,
Ye saints, your tongues employ;
Filled with gladness,
Past all sadness,
Peace He brings without alloy!

The Bridegroom Cometh.

"Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him."

The Bridegroom comes! The Bridegroom comes!
Go forth, go forth to meet Him:
Let welcome songs employ your tongues,
With gladsome voices greet Him.

The Bridegroom comes! The midnight cry
From slumber now awaking;
The crowning chorus of the sky
The Universe is shaking.

Behold at last the nuptial day,
The day that hath no ending:
The Bridegroom's chariot on the way
From Heaven to earth descending.

Awake! Awake! hark to the call
Celestial joy unfolding;
Before His Face adoring fall,
Your shining lamps upholding.

Your burning lamps, aglow with light,
Well trimmed, and brightly gleaming,
Will shame the darkness of the night,
In which His Form is beaming.

Woe to the souls in careless sleep,
All unprepared to meet Him;
With unavailing tears to weep,
And nevermore to greet Him.

Alas! Alas! The slothful souls
Awake to shame and sorrow;
The midnight darkness o'er them rolls,
The night that knows no morrow.

Rejoice! rejoice, ye watchful band,
Triumphant Hymns now swelling;
With joy behold the promised land,
The Bridegroom's love be telling!

The Christmas-Bells.

Ring on, ye joyous Christmas-Bells!
Ring on! Ring on!
What tale of love your music tells!
Ring on! Ring on!
"The Christ" is born
For sinful men;
'Tis Christmas morn,
Ring out again!

Ring on, ye merry Christmas-Bells!
Ring on! Ring on!
What peace from out your clangor wells!
Ring on! Ring on!
Peace comes to earth,
"Good-will to men;"
A priceless birth,
Ring out again!

Ring on, ye happy Christmas-Bells!
Ring on! Ring on!
With holy joy the clamour swells!
Ring on! Ring on!

Oh, happy day
For weary men;
Oh, royal day,
Ring out again!

Ring on, ye holy Christmas-Bells!
Ring on! Ring on!
O'er hill and dale, through wildest dells,
Ring on! Ring on!
In triumph ring,
For holy men
All gladness bring,
Ring out again!

Ring on, ye gladsome Christmas-Bells!
Ring on! Ring on!
'Tis "mercy mild" the sound foretells,
Ring on! Ring on!
The "Prince of Peace"
Now pleads for men,
Nor will he cease,
Ring out again!

Ring on, ye peaceful Christmas-Bells!
Ring on! Ring on!
Tell of the hope that in us dwells,
Ring on! Ring on!
To JESUS now
All ranks of men
In worship bow,
Ring out again!

Joyfully, Joyfully, Angels are Singing.

Joyfully, joyfully, angels are singing,
O'er Bethlehem's plains of light!
Wonderful, wonderful message now bringing,
To welcome the Christmas night!
"Glory to GOD in the highest, all glory!
Peace on the earth, and good-will:"
Angels are telling the marvellous story,
Shepherds are list'ning still.

Peacefully, peacefully, light is now beaming,
Sages have come from afar;
Beautiful, beautiful, brightly now gleaming,
Bethlehem's wonderful star!
"Glory to GOD," etc.

Wistfully, wistfully, wise men are seeking
"The Christ" in the "House of Bread;"
Tenderly, tenderly, Mary is keeping
Her watch o'er that lowly bed.
"Glory to GOD," etc.

Lovingly, lovingly, kings now adore Him,
And offer their humble prayer;
Faithfully, faithfully worship before Him,
While bringing their gifts so rare!
"Glory to GOD," etc.

Merrily, merrily, Church-Bells are ringing
O'er all the wide world so bright;
Thankfully, thankfully, gifts we are bringing,
For this is our Christmas night!
"Glory to GOD," etc.

Joyfully, joyfully, o'er every nation
The "banner of love" display;
Wonderful, wonderful news of salvation,
Our SAVIOUR is born to-day!
"Glory to GOD in the highest, all glory!
Peace on the earth, and good-will:"
Angels are telling the marvellous story,
Shepherds are list'ning still.

Carol.

CHRIST is born, the Prince of Peace;
Christ is born, of Kings The King:
Swell the anthem, joy increase;
Glorious news the Angels bring.

In that city as foretold,
Christ is born of David's line:
Watching sages now behold
Answer to the starry sign.

See that star above the stall,
Where now rests the Lord our King;
Low before Him wise men fall,
And with joy the Angels sing;—

"Glory now to God on high,
And on earth, good will to men,"
Softly sing glad lullaby,
Christmas-tide has come again.

Welcome, welcome, angels bright,
With your gladsome happy song:
Welcome to the Christmas night,
Heavenly, holy, shining throng.

On the First Bright Christmas-Day.

On the first bright Christmas-Day,
In a stable, Jesus lay,
While the angels o'er the plain
Sang the glad and sweet refrain,—
"To GOD in the highest, all glory!
Peace to men of good-will upon earth!"
Hark! hark to the wonderful story,
Heard by shepherds the night of His birth!

Sweetly sang the angels bright
On the world's first Christmas-night;
Brightly shone the beauteous star,
Leading sages from afar.
"To GOD in the highest," etc.

Wise men, kings, in wonder led,
To the lowly manger-bed,
Bowed in adoration there,
Bringing gifts, both rich and rare.
"To GOD in the highest," etc.

Lo! their treasures they unfold!
Myrrh, frankincense, shining gold!
Lay them down before His Face,
By whom cometh truth and grace.
"To GOD in the highest," etc.

Virgin-born! We worship Thee!
Low before Thee bend the knee.
Raise our thoughts and hopes above
With our Christmas songs of love!
"To GOD in the highest, all glory!
Peace to men of good-will upon earth!"
Hark! hark to the wonderful story,
Heard by shepherds the night of His birth!

The Epiphany.

"A Star shall arise out of Jacob."

O MARVELLOUS STAR! out of Jacob arising,
Rest now, over Ephratah's stall!
Lo, under that roof, a life is uprising
The kingdoms of earth to enthral.
All men shall adore Him,
And worship before Him,
The GOD of our life and our all!

O wonderful Star! fair Bethlehem's glory,
Shine out in thy brightness for aye!
The nations afar shall hear of thy story,
And Gentiles in darkness astray
Come bending before Him,
And humbly adore Him,
The Lord of the light and the day!

O glittering Star! so steadily burning,
Blaze on, in thy pathway of light!
The weary of earth in gladness now turning
Away from the gloom of the night,
To worship before Him,
And meekly adore Him,
The King of all glory and might!

The Star of Bethlehem.

"We have seen His Star in the East, and have come to worship Him."

Gleaming Star! with joyous wonder
Sages watched thy path of light:
While the Shepherds and the Angels
Saw the heavens with thee bedight.

Star of Heaven! Star of Glory!
Beauteous Star of Bethlehem!

Star of morning! Star of evening!
Star of life's most dismal day:
Star of all the stars the brightest,
Star that guides our devious way.

Star of Heaven! Star of Glory!
Beauteous Star of Bethlehem!

Like a golden scepter shining,
Oh how full of peace thy light!
Guide us thro' life's darkest dangers,
With thy rays of hope so bright,

Star of Heaven! Star of Glory!
Beauteous Star of Bethlehem!

Star of lambent beauty, guiding
Onward to the manger-bed :
Touch our souls with adoration,
In the Christ-Child's "House of Bread."

Star of Heaven ! Star of Glory !
Beauteous Star of Bethlehem !

Fairest Star of all the ages !
Star of Love, now lead us on :
With the Shepherds and the Wise Men,
Jesu's face to gaze upon.

Star of Heaven ! Star of Glory !
Beauteous Star of Bethlehem !

The Holy Child.

Sing we now the praises
Of the Holy child;
Jesu, Son of Mary
Ne'er by sin defiled.

In a cheerless stable,
In a crib, a King!
Unclean beasts before Him,
White-winged angels sing.

Mary, Blessèd Mother,
Foldeth in her arms
Christ, the world's Redeemer,
Safe from world's alarms.

Standing round about Him,
Wond'ring people saw
Blood in red drops flowing
To fulfil the law.

Once amid the Doctors
Stood the spotless youth,
And with wise disputing
Teaching them the truth.

At the Feast in Cana
  Water turned to wine,
By the royal mandate
  Of His power Divine.

At the city's gateway
  Stood the Holy One,
Nain's sad widow cheering,
  Bidding back her son.

Deaf and blind awaiting,
  Cry with strong appeal;
Eye and ear He toucheth,
  And that touch doth heal.

Walking on the water,
  He who rules the waves,
Bids the zealous Peter
  Come to Him who saves.

Lo! upon the mountain
  Hungry thousands meet;
He the scant food blesseth,
  Giving all to eat.

Little children touching
  With a fond caress;
In His arms He holds them,
  And doth each one bless.

JESU! JESU! SAVIOUR!
Children waiting here
Seek Thy love and blessing
With Thy holy fear.

Keep us, Lord and Master,
Free from sin and strife;
On us love bestowing,
JESU! Lord of Life!

Good-Friday.

"Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom."

O Jesu Lord! now crucified,
With arms of love extended wide,
I pray Thee, by Thy wounded side,
O Lord, remember me!

O Jesu Lord! in hope and fear,
To Thy dread cross I now draw near,
And plead Thy love to man so dear;—
O Lord, remember me!

O Jesu Lord! with deep amaze
As on Thy woeful grief I gaze,
My earnest cry to Thee I raise;—
O Lord, remember me!

O Jesu Lord! Thy bitter woe
I ne'er can feel, nor ever know;
Yet from Thy cross one word bestow;—
O Lord, remember me!

O JESU LORD! to Thee I call,
And weeping, at Thy feet I fall:
My GOD, my hope, my all in all;—
O Lord, remember me!

O JESU LORD! so full of grace,
Look on me with Thy loving Face;
Me,—in Thy kingdom grant a place;—
O Lord, remember me!

O JESU LORD! teach me Thy will,
Help me all duty to fulfil;
Teach me to know Thee, and be still:—
O Lord, remember me!

O JESU LORD! be Thou my peace;
Give of Thy love the full increase,
And from my sins grant Thou release;—
O Lord, remember me!

O JESU LORD! in my last hour,
When clouds and darkness round me lour,
Come with Thy mercy, love, and power!—
O Lord, remember me!

O JESU LORD! great King of kings!
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings
My weary heart its burden brings;—
O Lord, remember me!

Lent.

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."

SAVIOUR, now before Thee bending,
While our prayers and tears are blending,
Hear our cries to heaven ascending:
Now adoring,
Now imploring,
O deliver us, GOOD LORD!

By Thy Cross we kneel, bemoaning,
All our sins before Thee owning,
And we plead Thy Blood atoning,
In confession
For transgression:
O deliver us, GOOD LORD!

See us in our sad condition,
Bowed in deep and true contrition;
Hear our pleading, strong petition,
One Foundation,
One Salvation,
O deliver us, GOOD LORD!

Satan's toils long years have bound us;
But Thy Mercy now has found us,
Let Thy Grace, O Lord, surround us,
Sin confounding,
Love abounding,
O deliver us, GOOD LORD!

Lord, we plead "Thy Cross and Passion,"
Boundless love, and deep compassion.
Godhead, clothed in human fashion,
On high reigning,
All sustaining,
O deliver us, GOOD LORD!

"Thine the Name that brings salvation;"
Come and rule o'er every nation,
Claim by right all adoration;
For our yearning,
Love returning,
O deliver us, GOOD LORD!

Easter.

"All her streets shall say, Alleluia."

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Risen Lord!
To Thee, O Christ, victorious King of kings,
Our Easter songs of gladness now we raise;
O'er all the earth the joyous strain upsprings
To hail Thee Victor on this "Queen of Days!"

Alleluia! Lord of Life!
Death's brazen gates, unbarred for evermore,
Are radiant now with light that comes from Thee;
The darkness passed—we see the open door
Through which comes Life and Immortality!

Alleluia! Victor King!
Hail! hail! Thou Victor over death and hell!
All earthly triumphs sink before Thine Own;
All nations now with joy and rapture tell
Of sealèd tomb, changed to a glorious Throne!

Alleluia! Prince of Peace!
Oh, happy day! thrice welcome to our hearts,
Long bound with sin and shame before Thy cross:
Oh, glorious day! which to the world imparts
That gift, before which all our wealth is dross!

Alleluia! Evermore!
Hail! "Lion of the tribe of Judah!" hail!
What gift is this Thy nail-pierced hands do bring?
Eternal Life! a life that cannot fail:
All glory to Thy Name, O mighty King!

He is Risen! He is Risen!

ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!
Sing we to-day with glad delight,
Life's triumph over death's dark night,
Our Lord has risen in His might,
ALLELUIA!

Christ blessed the children on His way,
The children hail His Rising-Day,
And sing with joyful voice alway,
ALLELUIA!

The birds their Easter Carols sing,
And lightly soar on gladsome wing,
To welcome now their Risen King!
ALLELUIA!

The earth spreads out her mantle green;
The sky is filled with glorious sheen;
The winter gone with blast so keen,
ALLELUIA!

With voices pure we greet the ray,
Of this sweet spring-tide Holiday,
And sing to JESUS, while we may,
ALLELUIA!

An Easter Carol.

Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Alleluia, sing to-day !
Christ has opened death's dark prison,
Bright the tomb wherein He lay ;
Sing with joy the Easter Anthem,
He has brought Eternal Day !

Sing all nations, Alleluia !
Christ is victor o'er the grave ;
Sing again, loud Alleluia ;
He has passed through death's dark wave :
Oh how glorious is the triumph,
He is mighty now to save.

Sing once more the Alleluia !
In this happy Easter-tide ;
Loudly sing an Alleluia,
Now is healed the Wounded Side :
Christ of death the First Begotten,
Is our Brother, Friend and Guide.

Sing ye Christians, Alleluia !
Darkness from the grave has fled ;
Sing the joyous Alleluia !
Christ is now our Lord and Head :
Lift your song with gladsome voices,
He is risen from the dead !

Bright Easter Day.

BRIGHT Easter Day! Dear Easter Day!
Day on which our LORD arose:
Chase all the clouds of doubt away,
CHRIST has triumphed o'er our foes.
JESU CHRISTE, ALLELUIA!

Bright Easter Day! Dear Easter Day!
Day of days the very best:
Lift up thine eyes poor soul to-day,
CHRIST has conquered—thou shalt rest.
JESU CHRISTE, ALLELUIA!

Bright Easter Day! Dear Easter Day!
Songs of joy to-day we raise,
Glad songs to cheer our onward way,
Songs of love, and songs of praise.
JESU CHRISTE, ALLELUIA!

Bright Easter Day! Dear Easter Day!
LORD, Thy day of power, this:
We praise in song, in song we pray,
May our souls partake Thy bliss.
JESU CHRISTE, ALLELUIA!

Ascension.

"God is gone up, with a merry noise."

Lift up your heads, ye pearly gates,
Throw open wide heaven's guarded doors;
For He who triumphed over hell
His glory and His grace outpours.

Give way! give way! the Conqueror comes!
With palms of vict'ry in His hands:
Greet Him with shouts of holy joy,
Ye heavenly choirs and angel bands.

The King of Peace with glory comes,
Triumphant o'er the powers of hell;
Lift up your heads, ye glist'ning gates,
Ye hosts of heaven, His wonders tell!

Bright Cherubim in glad array,
And Seraphim, a countless band,
Lead to the Throne our risen King,
The eternal Throne at God's Right Hand.

To Thee, in gladsome songs of love,
We lift our hymns of thankful praise,
O Christ, Redeemer, Saviour, God,
In endless strains, to endless days!

Whitsun-tide.

"Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit."

Come, Holy Spirit! with Thy wondrous treasures!
Come, fill our souls with holy light;
Thy gifts outpour, with love that never measures
Aught but our needs, in earth's dark night.

Wisdom! we seek Thee now, with hearts aglowing;
As pilgrims in their journey crave
The springs of water, in the desert flowing,
In which their weary limbs to lave.

That we may have the power of *Understanding*
The love of God for sinful men:
This grace, O give us, and without demanding
More than our love to Thee again.

The gift of *Counsel*, now on us bestowing
In mercy to our darkened souls;
To guide us when the billows are o'erflowing,
And Jordan's stormy water rolls.

Thy *Ghostly Strength* be with us now, abiding
To aid in warfare with the foe
That lurks about our pathway, hiding;
Yet luring on to endless woe.

The gift of *Knowledge* be Thou ever giving,
To lift our hearts from earth to Thee;
That we, while here, by godly living,
From godless joys may learn to flee.

True Godliness, with life to us eternal,
Protecting here, from pit and snare,
So surely set by demon hosts infernal,
As we to heaven our way would fare.

Give *Holy Fear!* Thy last, best gift outpouring,
O Spirit of the GOD of Might!
While we Thy mercy and Thy love adoring,
Will worship Thee, O GOD of Light!

Come, Holy Spirit.

"When He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth."

COME, Thou sweet Spirit, come!
Come with Thy Power Divine!
Let Thy great light, so pure, so blest,
O'er our dark pathway shine!

Guide us along the road
Where foes so thickly press;
Bind up our wounds, our strength sustain,
Sin's gathering host suppress.

Come to our fainting hearts!
Refreshing Unction pour!
Breathe on our souls renewing fire
Of Love from Thy great store.

Spread Thou Thy peaceful wings,
And with Thy mercy bless;
From all offense cleanse Thou our souls,
Clothe us with righteousness.

O Blessed Spirit, come!
Trembling, we cry to Thee!
Let the thick bosses of Thy shield
Our sure protection be!

Come ! touch our darkened souls
  As wearily we plod ;
And with Thy light lead in the way
  That ends with rest—in God !

Faith.

THE evidence of unseen things ;
  That subtle, inward, secret power
Which bears the soul on heavenly wings,
  Strengthened by practice, every hour.

Hope.

THAT holy grace, which day by day
  Infuses strength to do, to dare :
Which fills the life, and leads the way
  Beyond all sorrow, trouble, care.

Charity.

THE greatest virtue, sweetest bloom
  In all the garden of the soul.
Filling the heart, it leaves no room
  For tangle-weeds. It claims the whole.

Hymn to the Trinity.

"There are three that bear record in heaven."

ALLELUIA to the Father,
Lord of all the worlds above;
GOD, our Guide in every danger,
GOD of Gods and GOD of Love.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia to our God!

Alleluia! sing to Jesus,
Praises sing to God the Son:
Jesus, King, Redeemer, Saviour,
Sing the triumph He has won!
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia to our King!

Alleluia to the Spirit,
Sent of God, through Christ the Son
Alleluia sing we ever,
For the Comforter is come!
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia to our Lord!

Alleluia! praise and glory
Sing we to the Triune God:
Praise the Lord, ye earth-born children,
Sing ye to our father's God!
Alleluia! Alleluia!
All ye nations praise the Lord!

S. Barnabas.

Blessed son of consolation!
Worthy thou thy great renown;
In the new and blest creation
Thou hast laid thine armor down;
Past all pain and tribulation,
Thine the prize—a martyr's crown!

Strife is over; and contention
Giveth place to blissful rest;
Brightness gathers at the mention
Of thy portion with the blest;
Angels hear, with rapt attention,
Of thy coming,—welcome guest!

With the "noble army" praising
God's great bounty to our race;
On that glorious vision gazing,
"Full of mercy, truth, and grace,"
Thou in rapture full,—amazing,
Shall forever see His Face!

Thou hast won the heavenly treasure,
Free from earth's corroding clay;
Holy joy, and restful pleasure,
In the star-lit, radiant way,
Where the love that knows no measure,
Fills with peace an endless day!

Saint Augustine.

"Such honor have all His saints."

Saint Augustine! marching onward,
With the Cross uplifted high;
See! the heathen King to greet thee
Waits with Queen and nobles nigh:
March then forward, nothing fearing,
Lift thy banner to the sky!

Saint Augustine! Christ's Evangel!
Great the trust God gives to thee;
Wondrous message thou art bringing
To the "Islands of the Sea;"
Message fraught with greatest blessings
Now, and for eternity!

Saint Augustine! lift the Standard!
Wave thy banner! know no fear!
Christ's Commission now thou bearest,
Whether men forbear or hear;
And the word thou this day speakest
Must be bold, and strong and clear.

Saint Augustine! England's Angel!
Speak for Christ thy Master now!
Tell the story of Redemption
Wrought for men on Calvary's brow;
Speak the word with gentle boldness,
And the King to Christ shall bow.

Saint Augustine! Holy Warrior!
Thou hast fought thy battle well!
Lo! the King as "nursing Father!"
Let the Church the story tell!
And the Queen a "nursing Mother,"
As the Prophet did foretell!

Saint Augustine! Blessed Bishop!
Fold thine arms and lay thee down;
Rest—eternal rest—thy portion,
Thy reward—the Victor's Crown!
Light—perpetual light—thy glory,
Crown uplifted—Cross laid down!

England! England! now and ever
Cherish GOD's great gift to thee:
Tell thy children of Augustine;
And their children, yet to be,
Shall the great Confessor honor
In these "Islands of the Sea!"

Saint John Baptist.

"The voice of one crying in the wilderness."

HARK! a voice from out the desert
Crying to the sons of men;
"Lo, He cometh! Lo, He cometh!"
Now it cries, with Prophet's ken.

"This is He for whom the nations
Waited long in hope to see;
Now He cometh, clothed with meekness,
To His standard, sinners, flee!"

By fair Jordan's holy waters
Lo, the Baptist sternly stands;
Now the kingdom quickly cometh,
Will ye meet its loud demands?

Cast aside your vain oblation,
Works bring forth for penance meet;
Bow before Him, weary-hearted,
Cast your idols at His feet.

This is He, Who cometh after,
  Yet preferred before shall be;
He, the latchet of Whose sandals
  None are worthy to set free.

He in Whom both truth and mercy
  Linked together now for aye;
Come with blessings for the weary,
  Countless blessings day by day.

Sent from GOD, this blessèd message
  Beareth he of MARY'S SON;
Crying in Judea's wildness,
  As before Him he doth run:

"Lo, He cometh! Lo, He cometh!
  He of Whom the Prophets told;
He to Whom the waiting nations
  Turned their hopes in days of old!"

"Theotokos."

"Mother of God!" Oh, blessèd name!
Through all the ages still the same;
Let men on earth, with holy love,
Join in the strain, now sung above.

"Blessèd art thou!" yea, blessèd still,
Obedient to God's holy will;
Though Queen of all the saints in light,
And Virgin pure, with grace bedight.

Hail, Mary! Mother of our God!
Still "handmaid" in the blest abode
Of perfect spirits, men made just,
Prophets and Martyrs, men who trust

For final bliss to thy dear Son,
Who by His Blood for them has won
Eternal rest—perpetual light—
And triumphed over sin's dark night.

Mother of GOD! we yield to thee
As to the Cross we fain would flee;
"All but adoring love," and own
As our Redeemer—MARY'S SON.

Ora pro nobis, Mother dear,
As o'er the earth we walk in fear,
Pray all our sins may pardoned be,
That we at last may rest with thee!

The Good Shepherd.

O Thou Good Shepherd, hear!
In Thy great love, draw near!
See now Thy wayward flock,
Hungry and torn;
Far from the sheltering Rock,
Weary and worn.

O Thou Good Shepherd, hear!
With pity, now draw near!
See how that Wicked One,
Leading astray,
By cunning craft has won
But to betray.

O Thou Good Shepherd, hear!
In mercy, now come near!
Back from the trackless waste,
Lost in the wold,
Bring us, Thy love to taste,
Safe in Thy Fold.

O Thou Good Shepherd, hear!
Let Thy sweet grace be near!
Grant that each weary one,
Lost and beguiled,
May by that grace be won
Home from the wild.

O Thou Good Shepherd, hear!
With tender words draw near!
We, in our loving choice,
Haste to Thy side,
If but Thy gentle voice
With us abide!

O Thou Good Shepherd, hear!
In our great need draw near!
Then, of Thy bounteous grace,
Safe in Thine arms,
Find we our resting place,
Free from alarms.

O Thou Good Shepherd, hear!
If we but see Thee near,
And feel Thy fond caress,
With gladsome heart
We to Thy bosom press,
Ne'er to depart.

The Cross.

As morning dawns far in the eastern sky
The sun with glory ushers in the day,
And we in prayer stretch forth our hands on high;
What shadow falls in peace along our way?
THE CROSS!

At noon-tide, blazing full upon the earth
With light effulgent, pouring forth on men
Its bounteous blessings, or its scorching dearth;
Again we pray, and still—what see we then?
THE CROSS!

When evening's peaceful shades blot out the day,
And restful night enfolds the weary heart,
Once more we spread abroad our hands to pray,
And still we see—it never will depart!
THE CROSS!

Oh children, bear your daily Cross with grace!
It comes to lift your souls to GOD on high,
That, when you lay it down in death, HIS FACE
On you may smile, WHO won REDEMPTION by
THE CROSS!

The Cross of Jesus.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Oh Blessed Cross! thine arms did bear
The great, the One Salvation;
From thy sweet wood, all nations share
The perfect, One Oblation.

Oh mighty Cross! Oh bulwark strong,
When Satan's host assaileth;
When foes around our pathway throng,
Thy wondrous power prevaileth.

Oh Holy Cross! Oh Cross most blest,
On thee our hope dependeth;
In thy great shadow is our rest,
Where grace and mercy blendeth.

Oh Royal Cross! break forth in light,
With strength and peace supernal;
Guide us through earth's sad tearful night,
To bliss and joy eternal.

Oh Cross of Jesus, Cross of woe;
Oh Cross of life unending;
Let thy glad light before us go,
Our heavenward way attending

Light of the World.

"Jesus said, I am the Light of the world."

Light of the world! out of the deep we call!
Oh, hear our supplicating voice
From out the deep, where darkness doth appall
The heart, that fears naught else but Thee.

Light of the world! in pity hear our cry;
Be not extreme, O Lord, but hide
What we have done amiss in life's dark way;
For we Thy wrath can ne'er abide.

Light of the world! mercy is found with Thee!
For this we walk in holy fear;
Though darkness cover, and the gloom surround,
We wait Thy light, our hearts to cheer.

Light of the world! we look to Thee in hope;
We wait in faith and holy dread;
Trusting in Thee, whose word can never fail;
Oh, hear us, lift us from the dead.

Light of the world ! the morning watch doth call
  Our souls in love and hope to Thee :
Thy light, like day-spring rising in our hearts,
  From sin and death can set us free.

Light of the world ! in Thee lay Israel's trust,
  Redemption from his sin to find ;
But mercy mild, with healing in his wings,
  Comes from Thy light, to all mankind.

Penitence.

O Jesu! at Thy blessèd Feet
I lay my sinful, weary heart;
This holy refuge, my retreat,
From which I fain would ne'er depart.

With throbbing heart and trembling frame
I bow before Thee, Saviour—God:—
Touched with a sense of guilt and shame,
I bow me down to kiss Thy rod!

O Jesu! Brother, Friend, and Guide!
Plead for me at the Father's Throne;
Hide Thou within Thy Wounded Side
The sins for which Thou didst atone.

The mem'ry of Thy dripping Cross,
With outstretched arms Thy love to give,
Comes to my soul in its dread loss
And bids me look to Thee and live!

Ah me! and must I bear this load,
  This burden great of countless sins:
And must I tread the weary road,
  Where guilt mine ear forever dins?

I think of my rebellious will,
  A grievous, weary, woeful thought;
My heart is faint;—mine eyes now fill
  With tears, for life has been for naught.

Oh, hide me with Thy Cross of love,
  Pardon and cleanse my sinful soul;
Give me at last a place above,
  Where songs of praise forever roll!

Adoration.

"Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord."

JESU! our Lord and GOD!
We bend the knee to Thee:
Adoring, low we bow,
In faith, Thy Presence see.

JESU! our Lord and GOD!
As suppliants, here we plead
For pardon, grace, and strength;
Oh, hear us in our need!

JESU! our Lord and GOD!
Hear now our earnest prayer;
Oh, take our sins away!
Give us Thy love and care.

JESU! our Lord and GOD!
Help Thou our fight with sin,
Keep Thou our footsteps here,
Wash Thou our souls within.

JESU ! our Lord and GOD !
Adoring, low we fall ;
All hail ! Thou "Wonderful !"
Our God, our all in all !

JESU ! our Lord and GOD !
Our star in earth's dark night,
Guide Thou our journey through,
And then—Oh, give us light !

JESU ! our Lord and GOD !
Accept our humble prayer ;
Watch o'er our wanderings here,
That we may know Thee there !

The Name of Jesus.

"At the Name of Jesus every knee shall bow."

We kneel to Thee, our dearest Saviour!
For we need Thy watchful care;
We need Thy love and Thy protection,
To help us here our cross to bear.

We kneel to Thee, our dearest Saviour!
None else can save us, Lord, but Thee;
Thine earthly mission was to sinners,
And such we own ourselves to be.

We kneel to Thee, our dearest Saviour!
'Tis Thy great love that bids us come;
Oh, speak to us the words of comfort
That gave the sinning thief a home!

We kneel to Thee, our dearest Saviour!
Sin brings us to Thee in our need:
Oh, loving Shepherd of the outcast,
Hear now as we for pardon plead!

We kneel to Thee, our dearest Saviour!
Nor wait we for another call;
For Thou hast bid us come when weary,
And offer'd pardon, free to all.

We kneel to Thee, our dearest Saviour!
Naught but Thy grace can save us now;
Oh, Saviour! hear our earnest pleading,
Hear, as before Thy cross we bow.

We kneel to Thee, our dearest Saviour!
Oh, hear us, pity, and forgive;
Look on us with Thine eyes of mercy,
And bid us look to Thee and live!

Evening Hymn.

"The day goeth away, the shadows of the evening are stretched out."

SWEET SAVIOUR! Guide of every day,
Hear, as at eventide we pray,
That through the fleeting hours of night,
Thy watchful love may be our light.

Lighten the darkness of our souls,
As sin its awful blackness rolls.
And through the night, with tender care,
Protect and save from every snare.

From thrall of sin, let Thy great power
Be with, and guard each passing hour;
From sickness, danger or alarm,
From lurking foe, from fear or harm.

O cleanse us, LORD, from every stain,
Each sinful thought do thou restrain;
And while from toil we rest in sleep;
Do Thou our souls in mercy keep.

Bless us this night with sweet repose,
And, as the shadows round us close,
May we reclining on Thy breast,
Find there the path to endless rest.

Forgiveness.

"Forgive, and thou shalt be forgiven."

O Jesu! Thou the wrath of man
His hate and fury tasted:
While his salvation Thou didst plan
He to destruction hasted.
Thy Hands he bound,
Thy Head he crowned,
Thy Precious Blood he wasted.

The scoffing crowd before Thee stood,
The ribald throng was jesting;
While hanging on the cursèd wood,
The thorns Thy Brow investing,
The dying thief,
In all Thy grief,
Was Thy great pity testing.

Shall I forget, O Saviour mine!
How woe and love were blended?
And, asking mercy such as Thine
May be to me extended,

With angry heart
Refuse my part
To those who have offended?

Forgive me, Lord, my grievous sins,
Oh, hear my earnest pleading!
And as my prayer Thy pardon wins
Let me, my duty heeding,
With grateful song
Forgive each wrong
That is forgiveness needing.

Forgive, O Lord! each bitter word;
And for their hate give blessing.
Let this, my prayer, in heaven be heard,
And I, my love expressing,
In songs of praise
My voice will raise,
Thy mercy great, confessing.

Hymn for a Mission.

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."

Come, drink at the fountain of love and of peace,
Ye weary, wan travellers, come!
Come, taste the sweet waters of mercy and grace,
That flow from our Heavenly home!

'Tis Jesus now bids you,—oh, come at His call,
Though weary and worn you may be;
His pity and bounty extend to you all,
Oh, come! that His love you may see.

The merciful Saviour, Who died on the Cross,
With outstretching arms to the world,
There opened the fountain that flows without loss,
And His banner of love unfurled.

Come, lay down the burden of sin and of woe,
Though red and like crimson it be;
The Saviour will cleanse it, and whiter than snow;
His pity will bid you go free.

Oh, let not His sorrows for you be in vain!
Will you His great bounty abuse?
He poured out His blood that your souls He might gain;
How can you such mercy refuse?

Ho! come to the waters! the waters so free!
Come all that by sin are oppressed!
The crucified Saviour cries, "Come now to Me,"
"Ye weary ones, come to My rest!"

Ho! come to the waters! the waters of light!
Both Spirit and Bride bid you come;
Come, all who are burdened with sin's weary blight,
Come, come to your Heavenly home!

Ho! come to the waters! the waters of life!
Come, buy without money or price!
Who drinks at this fountain shall know no more strife
With sin's blackened armor of vice.

Come, drink at the fountain of love and of peace,
Ye weary, wan travellers, come!
Come, taste the sweet waters of mercy and grace,
That flow from our Heavenly home!

Lenten Hymn.

"And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me."

THY lifting up the world shall draw
O Saviour Christ, with wond'ring awe,
In answer to Thy loving law,
In Thy great peace to rest.

O SAVIOUR! crucified for me,
With outspread arms on that dread tree;
To Thy embrace, for love I flee,
In Thy great peace to rest.

Here, in Thy bleeding, wounded Side,
Where mercy, truth and love abide,
The burden of my soul I hide
In Thy great peace to rest.

Amid the gloom of earth's dark night,
My heart, oppressed with sin's foul blight,
Turns back to Thee, the source of light,
In Thy great peace to rest.

Touched by Thy pity, full and free,
A sacrifice for sin—for me;
I bring my burden, Lord, to Thee,
In Thy great peace to rest.

Children.

O Jesu, Lord! Thou art the Way
Through this dark world of sin;
Our outward pathway day by day,
Our light, our life within.

O Jesu, Lord! Thou art the Truth,
By which we know the Way!
In all the dangers of our youth
Thou art our hope and stay.

O Jesu, Lord! Thou art the Life
Of every loving heart;
Keep us, O Lord, from sin and strife,
To us Thy grace impart.

O Jesu, Lord! In Thy dear Name,
That source of living light,
We find love's best and brightest flame,
Our guide for day or night.

O Jesu, Lord! We trust in Thee,
Eternal fount of grace!
And to Thy Cross in faith we flee,
To find our resting-place.

Jerusalem.

"That great city, Jerusalem."

JERUSALEM! JERUSALEM!
I long to see thy walls,
To know the glory of the home
To which my Saviour calls.

I long to feel the touch of peace
From Jesu's loving Hand;
And, with the dear ones gone before,
In thy sweet groves to stand.

I long to be beyond the reach
Of sorrow, and of sin,
Where Satan's power no heart can touch,
Nor earthly glories win.

Sweet vision dear, of holy peace,
My heart for thee doth pine;
My weary soul cries out for thee,
My Father's home—and mine!

O happy home! Oh blissful rest!
O walls of ageless light!
For thee, for thee, my eager feet.
Press on through earth's dark night.

JERUSALEM ! JERUSALEM !
I come, I come to thee !
Enclose me with thy pearly gates,
From pain and sin set free.

Thine Forever.

"The heavens are Thine, the earth also is Thine."

Gracious Father, ever guide me,
Keep my wayward heart beside thee,
Thy good Angels watch and lead me,
In Thy pastures tend and feed me,
So shall I be Thine.

Jesu, Lord, Thy love has bought me,
I with laggard steps have sought Thee;
Hear my pleading, Lord, and save me,
In Thy fountains ever lave me,
So shall I be Thine.

Holy Spirit, I implore Thee
As I worship and adore Thee,
Let Thy loving strength uphold me
And Thy gracious wings enfold me,
So shall I be Thine.

Triune God! I now beseech Thee
In Thy goodness, ever teach me
How to follow, how to find Thee,
In Thine Arms forever bind me.
So shall I be Thine.

Except It Die.

The grain of wheat must surely die,
The life therein in death must lie
Or never cometh forth the fruit.

But from this death upsprings a life
Of beauteous vigor, rich and rife
With full abundance in the ear.

So man in death must erstwhile lie,
Awaiting till the welcome cry:
"Come forth! Come forth to Me and life!"

Then, on the morn of that glad day
Which bids him rise and come away,
He brings with joy his little sheaves

And lays them at the Master's feet,
Who only, makes them fit and meet
For use and service near His Throne.

Adeste Fideles.

From The Church Magazine, Philadelphia, 1886.

"Churchmen generally will be interested in the following version of that grand old hymn '*Adeste Fideles*,' which has for ages voiced the Church's exultant commemoration of the Saviour's birth. The fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, ninth, and tenth stanzas are additions to the original, composed by Rev. H. G. Batterson, D.D., who has had the hymn arranged and set to the old music for a Christmastide Processional."

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him
Born, the King of Angels;

O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;

Very GOD,
Begotten, not created;
O come, let us adore Him, etc.

Sing, choirs of Angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above:
Glory to GOD in the highest, all glory;
O come, let us adore Him, etc.

Sing, watching Shepherds,
Hymns of adoration:
Sing with the Angels,
Glad songs of Praise.
Glory to GOD in the highest, all glory;
O come, let us adore Him, etc.

Come, wandering Magi,
Bend the knee before Him;
Lay down your treasures
Before your dread King!
Glory to GOD in the highest, all glory;
O come, let us adore Him, etc.

O sing Alleluia!
Cherubim and Seraphim;
Fill ye the starry depths
With rapt'rous praise!
Glory to GOD in the highest, all glory;
O come, let us adore Him, etc.

O come all ye people,
Come with joy and gladness;
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
See in a Manger
The King of every Kingdom;
O come, let us adore Him, etc.

Yea, LORD, we greet Thee,
Born for us, of MARY;
JESU, to Thee be glory given;
WORD of the FATHER,
Now in flesh appearing;
O come, let us adore Him, etc.

The GOD, GOD eternal;
Light from Light proceeding,
Comes in His meekness
To beasts of the stall.
Come, bend before Him,
Bring your Pure Oblation;
O come, let us adore Him, etc.

Hail! GOD! Incarnate!
Son of the Father,
Born of a Maiden, a Maiden most pure.
Glory and honor
We give to Thee our Saviour;

O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Amen.

The Latin version, including Dr. Batterson's additions, is by the late Rev. W. E. Snowden, of blessed memory.

Adeste Fideles, læti triumphantes,
Venite, venite in Bethlehem,
Natum videte Regem Angelorum ;
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

Deus de Deo, Lumen de Lumine,
Eu ! non abhorruit Virginus uterum.
Verus est Deus, genitus non factus,
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

Chori Angelorum cantate, exultantes,
Omnes cantate, cives cœlorum,
Gloria clamantes, in excelsis Deo ;
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

Pastores vigilantes cantate, adorate,
Cum Angelis sonantes hymnos jubili,
Gloria clamantes, in excelsis Deo.
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

Adeste atque Magi, Natum adorate,
Offerte dona vestra Regis ad pedes,
Gloria, cantates, in excelsis Deo ;
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

Cherubim et Seraphim cantate Alleluia !
Cœlum et stellas implete jubilis,
Gloria clamantes, in excelsis Deo.
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

Adeste omnes gentes, gaudentes, gratulantes,
Venite, venite in Bethlehem :
Videte in præsæpi terræ omnis Regem :
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

Te Deum salutamus natum de Mariâ,
Jesu, Patris Verbum, sit Tibi gloria,
Deus manifestus hominis in Carne.
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

Deus æternus, Lumen de Lumine,
Partus inter boves Ille humilis adest.
Venite, adorate, offerte dona vestra :
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

Ave, Incarnate, Patris Unigenite,
Nate Mariæ puræ Virginis :
Gloria et honor nostro Salvatori :
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

WANDERERS.

One sometimes finds verses taken up by others, and so altered as to be almost beyond recognition. Those which follow have appeared in so many shapes and under so many signatures, one wonders if they have lost their identity.

Any one who may so desire, is at liberty to use any of my verses, provided they make no alteration; for, as John Wesley said of his own hymns, and those of his brother Charles: "As they cannot make them, so they cannot mend them."

Dear Guiding Presence.

"*In Thy Presence is fulness of joy.*" *

DEAR guiding Presence, lead us as we go
Trembling and fearful through life's wilderness;
Thy benediction grant, Thine aid bestow
In doubt, temptation, danger and distress.
So shall our grief be joy, our pain be blest,
Our night be morning, and our labor rest.

Dear guiding Presence, oft our pilgrim way
Is strewn with trials and beset with snares;
Oh, in our need, be thou our strength and stay,
Remove our dangers, and relieve our cares.
For leaning ever on Thy loving breast,
Our doubts and fears are gently lulled to rest.

Dear guiding Presence, through the world's vain joys,
Amidst the turmoil of our daily life
Be Thou our refuge from the heat and noise;
Our calm in tempest, and our peace in strife;
For whether tried, or wearied, or distress'd,
Thy loving Presence giveth light and rest.

* I am only responsible for the present form of this beautiful little poem. It appeared originally in England.

Dear guiding Presence, guard and comfort still,
When death's grim shadows close upon our eyes,
Our fears dispel, our hearts with gladness fill,
And bring us, joyful, to Thy Paradise.
There, safely sheltered on Thy loving breast,
Our souls shall dwell in everlasting rest.

Self-Surrender.

Laid on Thine Altar, O my Lord divine!
Accept my gift this day for Jesu's sake;
I have no jewels to adorn Thy shrine,
Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make;

But here I bring within my trembling hand,
This Will of mine, a thing that seemeth small,
And only Thou, dear Lord, canst understand,
How when I yield Thee this, I yield mine all.

Hidden therein, thy searching Eye can see,
Struggles of passion, visions of delight;
All that I have, or am, or fain would be,
Deep love, fond hopes, and longings infinite.

It has been wet with tears, and dim with sighs;
Clinched in my grasp till beauty it has none;
Now from Thy footstool, where it vanquished lies,
One prayer ascends—O Lord! Thy will be done.

Take it, O Father, ere my courage fail,
And merge it so in Thine own Will, that e'en
If in some desperate hour, my cries prevail
And Thou give back my gift, it may have been

* This hymn has appeared in different parts of the country under various signatures, not one of whom, has the slightest claim to authorship.

So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,
  So one with Thee, so filled with peace divine,
I may not know or feel it as my own,
  But gaining back my will, may find it Thine.

He Careth for Thee.*

"God is our hope and strength; a very present help in time of trouble."

Above His Throne are sweet eternal calms,
With strong, glad music of unending psalms,
And bliss unruffled by the noise of strife;
How can He care for my short, troubled life?

Can it be true that it is aught to Him,
That nights are long, and all the days are dim?
Can He be touched by all the grief I bear,
Which chills the heart and whitens every hair?

And yet I would that He should care for me,
Here in the world, where many sorrows be;
Where light fades out from every path I take,
Where strength is feeble, and where friends forsake;

Where shadows hang above, the whole day long,
And I am bowed with shame and grief and wrong;
Wherein I do no good, and deeper shade
Of conscious sin, makes all my heart afraid;

* This bit of verse, has been "taken up" here and there, and in many instances, so changed as almost to lose its oreginal meaning.
There is nothing new in the thought, and my only claim to it, is its present form.

Where love and music once did sweetly bless,
Where now 'tis silence and all loneliness,
With life-song changed to tears and sobbing prayers;
My heart cries out for GOD, Who knows and cares.

This busy world has far too much to do
To stay its onward course and help me through;
I cry then for a helper: can it be
That HE, Who made the worlds, will care for me?

O wondrous story of a deathless love!
Each child is dear to that great HEART above;
HE fights for me when I've no strength to fight,
HE comforts me in deepest gloom of night.

HE lifts the burden with His hand so strong,
HE stills the sigh and wakes the voice in song,
And sorrow's burden now for me HE bears,
And loves and pardons me because—HE cares.

O sad and sorrowful! Take heart again!
We're not alone in our dark hours of pain;
OUR FATHER sees us from HIS throne above,
And HE will soothe us with HIS boundless love.

HE will not leave us, though the storm is high,
And we are safe, for HE the LORD is nigh.
Can that be trouble, which our LORD will share?
O rest in peace! for HE the LORD, will care.

The Tapestry Weavers.*

BY ANSON G. CHESTER.

I.

Let us take to our hearts a lesson—no lesson can
braver be,
From the ways of the tapestry weavers on the other
side of the sea.

Above their heads the pattern hangs, they study it
with care—
The while their fingers deftly move, their eyes are
fastened there.

They tell this curious thing besides, of the patient,
plodding weaver ;
He works on the wrong side evermore, but works for
the right side ever.

It is only when the weaving stops, and the web is
loosed and turned,
That he sees his real handiwork—that his marvellous
skill is learned.

* I venture to add to these wanderers this exquisite bit of verse by Mr. Chester, that it may be preserved *as he wrote it.*

Ah, the sight of its delicate beauty, how it pays him
for all his cost!
No rarer, daintier work than his, was ever done by the
frost.

Then the master bringeth him golden hire, and giveth
him praise as well,
And how happy the heart of the weaver is, no tongue
but his own can tell.

II.

The years of man are the looms of God, let down from
the place of the sun,
Wherein we are weaving ever, till the mystic web is
done.

Weaving blindly, but weaving surely, each for himself
his fate;
We may not see how the right side looks, we can only
weave and wait.

But, looking above for the pattern, no weaver hath need
to fear.
Only let him look clear into Heaven—the Perfect
Pattern is there.

If he keeps the face of the Saviour, for ever and
alway in sight,
His toil shall be sweeter than honey, his weaving is
sure to be right.

And when the work is ended, and the web is turned
and shown,
He shall hear the voice of the Master, it shall say to
him, "Well done!"

And the white-winged angels of Heaven, to bear him
thence, shall come down:
And God shall give him gold for his hire—not coin,
but a glowing crown!